

# If The Kids Don't Kill You, The Mug Will

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Summary: Kind of a sequel to "Drunk Stupid." Emma's skull mug is back, and Sean's not too sure of it.

## If The Kids Don't Kill You, The Mug Will

Disclaimer: That funny little Irish man (meaning Sean) is not mine. Neither are any of the other GenXers. Scott's not either (He's just mentioned.). But the mug is! In fact, I actually own the mug in real life. Helps me wake up in the morning. :)

Notes: Sorry. Really. I heartily apologize for this story. And I love Sean. Don't think I don't. So if you like him too, don't hurt me. :) I'm fragile.

Also, I'm not sure if I'll ever have a sequel to this. I may or may not. ::shrugs:: It was fun to write, so there is a good chance that I will. Just don't hold your breath. It takes time for me to come around to writing stories sometimes.

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All Sean needed was some coffee. That's it. Coffee. Grumbling, he found his way to the kitchen and was greeted by the sight of . . . "A skull?"

GenX, at various speeds in various state of wakefulness, looked up. Emma smirked, never looking up from the 'Wallstreet Journal' she was holding. "It's a mug, Sean."

Rubbing the stubble on his cheek, Sean advanced on the mug, getting a good look at it. It was a few inches from his nose before he nodded and started for his own coffee. "Where'd ye get that, Em?"

"From Jono last Christmas." As Emma said that, Jono seemed to smile with his eyes.

Sean nodded; he would have actually taken anything she had said as fact. He wouldn't have known the difference. He was just too tired.

Sean opened a cabinet and picked up his green and white mug that said 'Kiss me, I'm Irish' with clovers dancing around it. He poured a full cup of coffee into it and added some sugar. He sipped it sleepily, grinned with instant euphoria, and sat down across the table from Emma and her mug.

"Good mornin', kids."

Through a mouthful of Sugar Bombs, Jubilee nodded. "Mornin' to you too, dad."

Emma smirked again. "Wait until he is fully awake to mess with his head, children. It's much more gratifying." Jubilee nodded, making a mental note of Emma's instructions.

Sean took another sip of his coffee and leaned back in his chair. "Sleep well, Em?"

Keeping her eyes glued to her paper, Emma took a sip out of her black mug. "Yes. And you?"

"Aye. I love this cold, crisp air we get this time o' year."

Emma, putting down her paper, raised an eyebrow at Jubilee. "He's awake now."

Sean chuckled and shook his head. He was about to speak when the white skull on one side of the mug caught his eye. A shiver went down his spine. "That . . . 'thing' is scary, Em."

Emma smirked. "'Thing'?"

Sean pointed. "That mug. 'Tis scary."

Jono furrowed his brow. ~Unique. Not scary.~

Emma smiled. "That's what I think, too." Jono seemed to smile back.

Sean frowned. "Yeah, well, . . . 'tis scary." He eyed it, trying to see if he was being paranoid. Or if those lifeless eye sockets really were staring at him!!!

"Yeah. . . . " Jubilee nodded. "Scary."

Sean nodded in agreement, not even noticing that Jubilee was being sarcastic. Everyone else did, though, and began chuckling, giggling, and laughing in their own different fashions. Sean looked up at them incredulously. "Jubilee's and me own fear is nae' a funny thing."

Keeping a straight face, Jubilee shook her head. "No. It's not. So what if we think the mug is scary!"

"Aye! That a' to stick up for yuirself."

"And so what if we don't give horse pucky what ya guys think!"

"Exactly!"

"And so what if we still sleep with teddy bears!"

"Isn't that right! . . . Wait. What?"

Everyone was fully awake by then and was laughing hysterically. Sean smirked and shook his head. "I'm guessing I'm the only one who sees the mug as evil, aye?"

Emma calmed her chortles to just a smirk. "So now it's evil?"

Sean sighed. "Well, aye. Just look at its . . . eye sockets."

"What about its eye sockets, Sean?"

"They're . . . staring at me." Unmercifully, everyone burst into laughter. As did the evil cup! Well, actually, it just seemed to be laughing (quite silently, I might add) at Sean. "Em, . . . could ye turn it the other way?"

"Why? Is it laughing at you now?" Emma raised an amused eyebrow toward him.

Sean blinked. "No! I'm not nuts, Em."

Emma sighed. "I suppose the best thing to do is to humor the insane. Keep a note of that, Jubilation." Jubilee nodded as another gigantic spoonful of her soggy cereal was shoved into her mouth. Emma turned her black mug 180 degrees. "Is that better, Sean?"

"Eh . . . well, . . . I suppose." Now Sean could see the other skull on the opposite side. Just great.

"The skull on this side isn't bothering you, is it, Sean?" Emma smirked, finding the whole situation completely bizarre. And even more hilarious.

"Not yet." Everyone snickered and chortled. Sean grimaced. "It's mornin'. Leave me alone."

"Why, Sean, I do believe someone woke up on the wrong side of bed this morning."

Sean sighed. "I'm sorry. I just don't like that mug. The whole thing. 'Tis scary. An' evil." As he sipped from his own mug, he eyed Emma's with new vindiction. The mug was evil. He just knew it. And he was going to do something about it if the others didn't. And he knew they weren't going to. So it was up to him.

Emma raised an eyebrow at Sean's glare. "And just what are you contemplating?"

He pointed to Emma's mug with certainty. "That mug is evil, and somethin' has to be done."

Angelo chuckled almost silently. "He's loco." He whispered it to

Jubilee and Jono, who both seemed to agree whole-heartidly.

Sean frowned and stood up. "I'll see you guys later." With that, he left the kitchen with one last glance to the demented mug.

It was several hours before Emma actually saw Sean again. She was in her office grading papers when he walked in. "Em?"

Emma looked up and smiled a little. "Yes?"

"I just wanted to tell ye that I'm sorry about this mornin'. I dinnae know what got into me." He grinned a bit sheepishly.

Emma shook her with a silent chuckle. "It's okay. I suppose mornings can do that to people sometimes."

"Aye, I suppose so. . . . Well, . . . I suppose I should be goin'."

Emma nodded, noticing that Sean still wasn't acting like his normal self. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah! Yeah. O' course." He grinned, chuckled a bit, and then edged out of the door, the possessed mug watching him the whole time.

It wasn't until the next morning that anyone saw Sean. The general consensus was that he had locked himself in his room, but nobody knew why he would want to. That anybody knew of, Sean wasn't dealing with any sort of personal problems.

At around 8 in the morning, Sean poked his head inside the kitchen and took in the scene in front of him. No skull mug was in sight. He chuckled heartily and entered. "Morning, kids, Em."

"Good morning, Sean." Emma, like the previous morning, was hidden behind her 'Wallstreet Journal.'

Sean made his way to the cabinet for his mug. He opened the door and reached for it without even thinking. And then it caught his eye. With a yelp, Sean pulled his hand out of the cabinet quickly. It was there!! Right next to his mug. . . . Touching his own mug!!!

"Are you okay, Sean?"

Sean nodded numbly. "Aye. Just fine. . . . " He licked his lips and hurridly yanked his own mug out of the cabinet and slammed the door. "Just need me coffee."

He poured himself a cup of coffee, keeping it black, and raced out of the kitchen as fast as he could. Sean didn't want to be anywhere near Emma's mug. . . . Something just wasn't right about it.

Around noon, Sean entered the kitchen again, mug in hand. He opened the dishwasher to place it on a rack. But the evil skull mug was already in it! He closed the dishwasher hurridly and washed his own mug by hand. He decided against putting his mug in the cabinet, knowing that the skull mug would be placed there. Instead, he set his green and white clover mug on the counter against the wall. He smiled smugly at the dishwasher. "How do ye like that, eh?"

The kitchen was abandoned until Jubilee went in to turn the dishwasher on. And then she went back in to dry and put away the dishes. And sure enough, the skull mug went into the cabinet.

And, again, the kitchen was left silent. Until the two youngest people at the Academy entered, a game of soccer in full swing between them. Artie kicked the ball, trying to get it away from Leech. Somehow, it bounced off the edge of a chair, off the side of the refrigerator, and then careened right into Sean's mug, bounced up and hit the cabinet door, opening it to reveal the skull mug, and then bounced harmlessly to the floor.

Artie and Leech stood stunned, eyes as big as saucers. After a moment, Artie made a holograph of a very angry Irish man and his eyes began to water. Leech put an arm around him. "Leech think everything will be okay." He then let go of his friend, brought a chair to the counter, and climbed on. He picked up the remains of Sean's mug and placed it inside the cabinet, next to the skull one. "Leech think no one will know what happened." With that, he climbed down and moved the chair back. After a few moments of silence and guilt, the two boys lunged for the soccerball, all bad feelings forgotten, and left the scene of the crime.

The next morning, Sean entered the kitchen, not at all concerned of the location of the skull mug. He had decided that he had been acting foolishly and that he wasn't going to let a small piece of glass ruin his life. He walked to the counter, a pang hitting him when he didn't see his mug. He looked at the table, seeing if someone else was using it. He sighed when he found nothing. "Em? Do ye know where me mug is?"

Emma, for the third morning in a row, sat behind her 'Wallstreet Journal.' "Did you check the cabinet?"

Sean clenched his jaw nervously and then unclenched it. "No. Good idea." He turned his attention to the cabinet door. Sure, it looked normal, but it had the power and control to keep the forces of evil behind it. And that was no easy job!

Sean sighed and spoke to himself so silently that no one else heard. "Stop bein' silly, Sean. It's just a stupid mug." With that he opened the cabinet, his eyes falling onto the scariest sight possible. He let out a sickening, screeching school-girl scream. He stood there, in front of the cabinet, mouth wide open, all eyes on him.

"Sean?" Emma stood up, not at all certain of the situation.

Sean began to shake with rage and fear. He snatched the evil skull mug from its position and flung it across the room as hard as he could. "I'll send ye back to the pit o' hell ye came from!!"

To say that Artie and Leech were frightened would have been an understatement. Bottom lips trembling, they both had a fairly good idea what had caused Sean's anger. Leech sniffled. "Leech and Artie sorry!"

Sean's gaze wandered from the offensive mug to the two tiny boys. "Sorry?!"

"Leech and Artie broke the mug." The two boys began to cry in

earnest, leaving a dumbfounded Sean.

He looked into the cabinet to his broken mug and then to the two boys and sighed. "I'm sorry, lads. Come here. I shouldnae have gotten angry." Sean softened the look on his face and opened his arms for a hug. The boys looked at him with uncertainty; they were obviously still quite scared of him.

Emma pursed her lips. "Sean, you scared them. Of course they're not going to hug you." She placed her hands on the boys comfortingly.

Sean hung his head and frowned. "I'm really sorry." When he brought his head back up, he caught sight of Emma's mug. It was still intact, one of the skulls tauntingly smiling at him. Rage built up inside of him again. "Look! It didn't even break!! Ye vile Satan's puppet! Go back to where ye came from!!!"

Nobody really had anything to say about Sean's behavior. He was nuts. Period.

Emma shook her head with a look that was somewhere between shock, pity, confusion, and anger. "It's plastic, Sean. The mug is plastic."

Sean stood there, taking his time analyzing the new information. "Pl -- . . . the mug . . . who . . . " Then, he gave a maniacal grin. "Plastic can be burned!"

"Sean! You are not burning my mug!" Emma walked over to it briskly and picked it up.

"Give me that mug, woman! It must be dealt with!" Sean outstretched his shaking hand for it.

"Sean, you are dealing with some problems. That's obvious. Why didn't you tell me that you're going through tough times?" Emma frowned at him in a concerned manner.

"I wasnae havin' a tough time until that came along!" He pointed to the mug in Emma's hand and looked at it as though it were his enemy.

Emma nodded. "Okay, Sean. You're going on a vacation."

"I don't need -- "

"You're going on a vacation, Sean! When you get back, I promise that my mug will be gone."

Sean blinked. "Ye . . . ye promise?" A goofy grin formed on his face and tears of joy filled his eyes. "Ye really do?"

"Yes."

Sean jumped in the air and punched it with his fist. "When do I go??"

"Why don't you pack now, Sean." He nodded and raced out of the kitchen to pack for a trip to only God knew where. Emma turned to

Jubilee. "And there is an example of how humoring the insane can be beneficial." Jubilee nodded a bit numbly, still shocked by the whole ordeal, as were the rest of her teammates.

It took Sean less than a half hour to pack. He had decided that he was going to Hawaii. It was the farthest place in America he could get from the mug.

While Sean made his arrangements, Emma and Jubilee (who had been spending a suspicious amount of time with each other since Emma had told Scott off) had decided to go in search of another mug like Sean's. Emma thought that the least the man deserved was a new mug. Artie and Leech had reached into their life-savings and had given Emma \$15 to use. Emma and Jubilee were surprised to find another mug almost identical to Sean's, except the new one had leprachauns instead of clovers.

When Jubilee and Emma came home with the new mug, Artie and Leech begged to wrap it. They were given wrapping paper, tissue paper, tape, scissors, the mug, and a small box and were placed in the kitchen to keep from making a large mess. Jubilee sat across from them, making sure they didn't get into more trouble. Then, an idea came to her. "Hey, guys, you want to go watch tv? I'll wrap it and say you guys did."

Both Artie and Leech shook their head. "Leech and Artie wanna do it."

Jubilee shrugged. "Okay. I can understand that ya don't want any ice cream." That was a considerably low blow since ice cream had been taken away from the two as a form of punishment.

The eyes of the two little boys glazed over as they thought of the cold, refreshing feel of ice cream in the back of their throat and the sugar-induced highs after the ice cream's consumption and the sweet, perfect taste. . . . It was just too much! "Leech want ice cream!" Artie nodded in agreement and made a holograph of himself with a gigantic ice cream sundae.

Jubilee nodded. "That's what I thought." She stood up and quickly made two bowlfuls of sundaes. "There ya two go. Be careful not to make a big mess, now."

The two boys left hurridly. They had to hide so that no one caught them. It left Jubilee alone to do her evil, almost vindictive prank. If one knew what she was about to do, one would conclude that she spent too much time with Emma Frost.

And, the next day, Sean left. He didn't even go into the kitchen that morning. He seemed to fly out the door, only slowing down to receive the gift from Artie and Leech and to hear the instructions to not open it until he was at least on the airplane. His limo ride to the airport seemed to take a painfully long time. At least he didn't have to wait in the long lines since Emma had made sure that he would get nothing but the best care. And soon, he was off for his tropical getaway.

The 'Buckle Seat-Belt' sign was off, and he lounged across the two first class seats Emma had provided for him. He took out his present and opened it carefully, taking his time. He couldn't help but notice

how well the two young boys had wrapped it. He opened the box and felt into the tissue paper. His face lit up as he realized what it was. "A mug! How thoughtful -- " He stopped dead in his sentence when he pulled the mug from the tissue paper. In his hand was the infamous skull mug! For the second time in two days, Sean let out a shrill school-girl scream. Flinging the mug as hard as he could, he raced to the back of the airplane where . . .

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" . . . In the past years, unruly passengers on airplane flights have become more prominent. What happened today was a classic case. A man on his way to Hawaii was said to have gone on a fearful rage after opening a present. He explained later that, "The evil mug was after him," and that he had to "expel the demons." No alcohol had been consumed by this individual and there were no injuries to those on board. He is currently being detained in a Hawaiian jail. In other news, . . . "

Emma's brow had been furrowed since the beginning of Dan Rather's report. She turned her attention to Jubilee, who seemed to have a rather mischevous grin tugging on her lips. She twiddled her thumbs a bit. "I wonder how that happened. . . . -- "

A loud shatter was heard and everyone's attention was brought to the doorway of the rec room. A few moments later, Artie and Leech came bounding into the room, both looking a bit scared. Apparently, they had learned from past mistakes. "Artie and Leech broke Sean's . . . new mug?" This confused the two greatly.

Emma sighed. "It's okay. We can get Sean a new one." The two boys were relieved and set off to find a less aggressive game than indoor soccer, leaving Emma looking at Jubilee, who just couldn't stop grinning. Soon, Emma began to chuckle. Jubilee definitely had potential. And it seemed that Emma now had time away from Sean to make Jubilee her young apprentice? There were possibilities. . . .

End  
file.